Mathilde von Beyersdorff. - 1[illegible] -

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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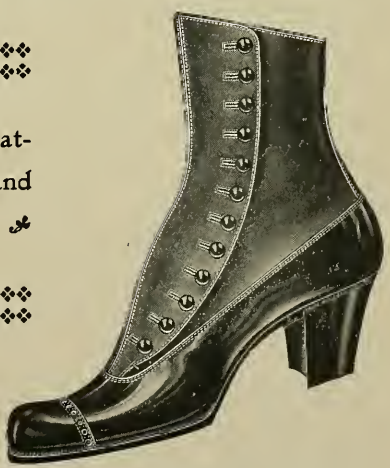

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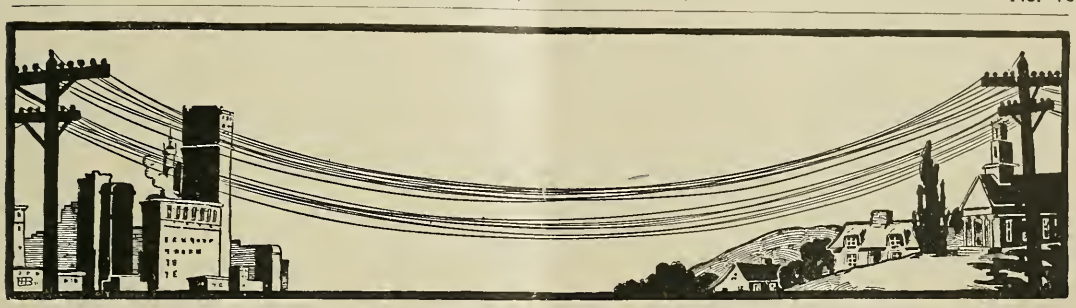

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

FROM THE GREAT RIVER TO THE GREAT WALL.

At Ichang, a thousand miles from Shanghai, I met the West, modern comforts, bad manners, and all. Situated at the eastern end of the gorges, this town of thirty thousand Chinese inhabitants and a handful of Europeans is just where all the merchandise going upstream must be shifted from the light-draft steamers of the lower Yangtse to the native junks of forty to a hundred tons which are still the only freight boats that venture regularly through the rapids and whirlpools of the upper waters of the Great River.

I shifted my belongings directly from the wupan to the Kweilu, a Butterfielde & Swire boat leaving the same evening. It was very comfortable, although crowded as everything seems to be in China. Ichang stands at the extreme eastern edge of the tangle of mountains that stretch across Szechuan to the Tibetan plateau, and just below this point the scenery changes, the hills dwindle, and the valley opens into the wide flat plains of the lower Yangtse. It is a merciful arrangement, allowing the eyes and brain a chance to recover their tone after the strain of trying to take in the wonders of the gorges, and I was glad for the open, vacant land, thankful that there was nothing to look at.

The second morning in the early dawn we moored off Hankow, where I planned to stay a day or two before turning northward. Hankow, Hanyang, Wuchang, the three cities lie at the junction of the Han and the Yangtse, having, all told, a population of some two millions. Located on the Yangtse, at the mouth of the Han, one of the great waterways of China, halfway between Shanghai and Ichang, and a little more than halfway from Peking to Canton, and at present the terminus of the Peking railway, which in good time will be extended to Canton, the future of these cities is assured.

When I was in Hankow in early July of last year I noticed only the look of substantial prosperity about the place, and the comfortable bustle and stir in the streets. Chinese and Europeans alike seemed intent on making money, pound-wise or cash-wise. The one matter of concern was the high water in the river, here nearly a mile wide. Already it was almost up to the top of the "bund," a few inches more and it would flood the lowland, destroying life and property, and stopping all business. There were no outward signs of commotion underneath, but in about three months the viceroy's yamen was in flames, shops and offices were looted, and the mint and arsenal in the hands of the Revolutionary party. One stroke had put it in possession of a large amount of treasure, military stores, and a commanding position.

I planned to stay in Hankow just long enough to pack a box for England, and efface a few of the scars of inland travel before confronting whatever society might be found in Peking in midsummer, but rather to my dismay, I found the weekly express train left the day after my arrival. It was out of the question to take that, and apparently I would have to wait over a week unless I dared try the ordinary train that ran daily, stopping two nights on the road. But there seemed many

lions in the way. It would be quite impossible to go by this train unless I could take all my things into the carriage with me; nothing was safe in the luggage van. It would be a long and tedious journey, and I could get nothing to eat on the way, and of course it would be impossible to put up at Chinese inns at night. But face the Eastern lions and they generally turn to kittens. Traveling by way trains had no terrors for me, it would give me a chance to see the country, and it was for that I had come to China, and I knew I could manage about my things; but the Chinese inn was something of a difficulty as I was leaving interpreter and cook in Hankow. I jumped into a rickshaw and by good luck found the genial superintendent, M. Didier, at the station. *Mais oui*, I might stop in the train at night; *mais oui*, the little dog could be with me; *mais oui*, I could certainly manage a trunk in my compartment. And he did even better than his word, wiring ahead to the nights' stopping-places, Chu-ma-tien and Chang-te-ho, and when the train pulled in at each place, I was charmingly welcomed by the division superintendent with an invitation from his wife to put up with them, and so instead of two nights in the stuffy sleeping-compartment of the express train, I had two delightful evenings in French homes, and long nights in a real bed. It was indeed a bit of France that these charming French women had created in the plain of Central China, books and journals, dogs and wines from home, and French dishes skilfully prepared by Chinese hands. But the houses where they lived opened out of the strongly walled station enclosure; it would not take long to put it in condition to stand a siege. No one in China forgets the days of 1900.

The train was of the comfortable corridor sort. Most of the time I was the only European, and the only person in the first class, but the second and especially the third, were crowded full, although the passengers did not seem about to flow out of the windows, feet foremost, as so often on an Indian railway. The Chinese is beset by many fears, superstitious fears or real mundane ones, but he has the wit to know a good thing when he sees it, and it does not take him long to overcome any pet fear that stands in the way of possessing it. In 1870 the first Chinese railway was built by the great ship owners of the East, Jardine, Mattheson & Company. It was only twelve miles long, connecting Shanghai with Woosung. At first there was no trouble, then certain native interests, fearing the competition, stirred up the people by the usual methods, finally clinching the opposition by a suicide (hired) under a train; so in the end the Government bought out the English firm and dismantled the railway. That was forty years ago, and to-day all that stands in the way of gridironing China with iron highways is the lack of home capital and the perfectly reasonable fear of foreign loans. The Chinese want railways, and they want to build them themselves, but they have not got the money, and for the moment they prefer to go without rather than put themselves in the power of European capitalists and European governments. And who can blame them?

The Six Power Railway Loan of 1908 proved the undoing of the Manchus, and the inevitable sequence, the appointing of European and American engineers,—to the American was assigned the important section between Ichang and Chengtu,—was bringing matters to a head before I left China. The Changsha outbreak in the early summer was directed against the Government's railway policy, represented for the moment in the newly appointed Director of Communications, the Manchu Tuan Fang, who visited the United States and Wellesley in 1906 as a member of the Imperial Commission. Many will remember the courteous old man, perhaps the most progressive of all the Manchu leaders. I had hoped to meet him in China, but on inquiring his whereabouts when in Shanghai, I was told that he had been degraded from his post as Viceroy of Nanking and was living in retirement. A few weeks later the papers were full of his new appointment, extolling his patriotism in accepting an office inferior to the one from which he had been removed. But delays followed, and when the rioting occurred in Changsha he had not yet arrived at headquarters in Hankow. It was said openly that he was afraid. On my way north the train drew up one evening on a siding, and when I asked the reason I was told a special train was going south, bearing His Excellency Tuan Fang to his post. He had just come from a

conference at Chang-te-ho with Yuan Shih Kai, who was living there in retirement nursing his "gouty leg." If only one could have heard that last talk between the two great supporters of a falling dynasty.

And one went on his way south to take up the impossible task of stemming the tide of revolution, and before four months were past he was dead, struck down and beheaded by his own soldiers in a little Szechuan town, while the other, biding his time, stands to-day at the head of the new Republic of the East.

On the second day we reached the Hoang Ho, China's sorrow and the engineer's despair. The much-discussed bridge is two miles long, crossing the river on one hundred and seven spans. As the train moved at snail's pace there was plenty of time to take in the desolate scene, stretches of mud-flats alternating with broad channels of swirling, turbid water, and, unlike the Yangtse, gay with all sorts of craft, the strong current of the Yellow River rolled along undisturbed by sweep or screw.

Once across the Hoang Ho and you enter the loess country, dear to the tiller of the soil, but the bane of the traveler, for the dust is often intolerable. But there was little change in scenery until toward noon of the following day, when the faint, broken outlines of hills appeared on the northern horizon. As we were delayed by a small accident it was getting dark when we rumbled along below the great wall of Peking into the noisy station alive with the clamour of rickshaw boys and hotel touts. In fifteen minutes I was in my comfortable quarters at the Hotel des Wagons Lits, keen for the excitement of the first view of one of the world's great historic capitals.

Peking is set in the middle of the large plain that stretches one hundred miles from the Gulf of Pechihli to the Pass of Nankow. On the north it is flanked by low hills, thus happily excluding all evil influences, but it is open to the good, that always come from the south. From a Chinese point of view its location is entirely satisfactory, but a European might think it was dangerously near the frontier for the capital city of a great state. Years ago Gordon's advice to the Tsungli Yamen was, "Move your Queen Bee to Nanking." And just now the same thing is being said, only more peremptorily, by some of the Chinese themselves. But for the moment lack of money and fear of Southern influences have carried the day against any military advantage, and the capital remains where it is. Perhaps the outsider may be permitted to say she is glad, for Nanking could never hope to rival the Northern city in charm and interest.

The most wonderful thing in Peking is the wall. That is what first holds your attention, and you never for a moment forget it. There it stands, aloof and remote, dominating the city it was set to defend, but not a part of it. Huge, massive, simple, it has nothing in common with the gaudy, over-ornamented, unrestful buildings of the Chinese, and as you enter its shadow, you seem to have passed into a different world.

Often before breakfast I climbed to the top of the wall beyond the Water Gate for a run with Jack before the heat of the day set in. It was a glorious place for a morning walk. The wall is some forty feet high, and along the top runs a broad path enclosed by crenellated parapets. From here your vision ranges north and south and east and west; no smoke, no tall chimneys, no towering, hideous buildings to break and spoil the view.

North you look over the Tartar City, which is really three cities, all walled, and one within the other like the boxes of a puzzle, the Tartar City enclosing the Imperial City, and that in turn the Forbidden City. If you stand under the many-storied tower that surmouts the Chienmen, you look straight along the road that leads through the vermilion walls, right into the Purple City, the heart of Peking. In Marco Polo's time the middle door of the great portal was never opened save to admit the emperor, and that was still true a few months ago, but last winter a day came when the bars rolled back, and there entered no emperor, no ruler, but the representative of the People's Assembly, and then a placard was posted announcing that hereafter the door was open to every one, for all China belonged to the people. For a matter-of-fact man the Chinese has a very dramatic way of doing things.

Turning southwards from the top of the wall you look beyond the Chinese City, which is nothing but a walled suburb, to the gleaming white walls of the Temple of

Heaven, half buried in the trees. There each year the emperor comes to offer sacrifices to his ancestors, the crowning expression of China's truest religion, ancestor worship. In a few months only Prince Ch'un, the Regent, whom you have just met driving in state through the Imperial City, standing among his ministers, and acting for the baby emperor will take the oath, not to the people of China, not to any representative assembly, but to the imperial ancestors to accept and obey the new constitutional principles. "I, your descendant, P'u Yi," he will say, "have endeavored to consummate the constitutional programme, but my policy and my choice of officials has not been wise. Hence the recent troubles. Fearing the fall of the sacred dynasty I accept the advice of the National Assembly, and I vow to uphold the nineteen constitutional articles, and to organize a Parliament . . . I and my descendants will adhere to it forever. Your Heavenly Spirits will see and understand."

There is unfailing charm and interest in the view over Peking from the top of the wall. Chinese cities are generally attractive, looked down upon from above, because of the many trees, but here the wealth of foliage and blaze of color are almost bewildering; the graceful outlines of pagoda and temple, the saucy tilt of the roofs, yellow and green, imperial and princely, rising above stretches of soft brown walls, the homes of the people, everything framed in masses of living green; and stretching around it all, like a huge protecting arm, the great gray wall. You sigh with satisfaction; nowhere is there a jarring note; and then—you turn your eyes down to the grounds and buildings of the American Legation at your feet, clean, comfortable, uncompromising, and alien. Near you paces to and fro a soldier, gun on shoulder, his trim figure set off by his well-fitting khaki clothes, unmistakably American, unmistakably foreign, guarding this strip of Peking's great wall, where neither Manchu nor Chinese may set foot. And then your gaze travels along the wall, to where, dimly outlined against the horizon, you discern the empty frames of the wonderful astronomical instruments that were once the glory of Peking, now adorning a Berlin museum, set up for the German holiday-makers to gape at. After all, there are discordant notes in Peking.

Down in the streets there is plenty of life and variety. Mongol and Manchu and Chinese jostle each other in the dust or mud of the broad highways. The swift rickshaws thread their way through the throng with amazing dexterity. Here the escort of a great official clatters by, with jingling swords and flutter of tassels, there a long train of camels fresh from the desert blocks the way. The trim European victoria, in which sits the fair wife of a Western diplomat, fresh as a flower in her summer finery, halts side by side with the heavy Peking cart, its curved matting top framing the gay dress and gayer faces of some Manchu women. And the kaleidoscopic scene moves against a background of shops and houses gay with paint and gilding. The life, the color, the noise are bewildering; your head begins to swim. And then you look away from it all to the great wall. There it stands, massive, aloof, untouched by the petty life at its foot. And you think of all it has looked upon; what tales of men and their doings it could tell. And you ask the first European you meet, or the last,—it is always the same,—about the place and its history, and he says, "Oh, yes, Peking is full of historical memorials which you must not fail to see;" but they always turn out to be the spots made famous in the siege of the legations. To the average European, Peking's history begins in 1900; you cannot get away from that time, and after a while you tire of it, and you tire, too, of all the bustle and blaze of color. And you climb again to the top of the wall that seems to belong to another world, and you look off toward the great break in the hills, to Nankow, the Gate of the South. On the other side the road leads straight away to the Mongolian uplands where the winds blow, and to the wide, empty spaces of the desert.

So you turn your back upon Peking, and the railway takes you to Kalgan on the edge of the great plateau. It is only one hundred and twenty-five miles away, but you spend nearly a whole day in the train, for you are climbing all the way.

At the grand mountain gateway of Nankow you pass under the Great Wall, which crosses the road at right angles, and as you slowly steam across the plateau

on the outer side, you see it reappearing from time to time like a huge snake winding along the ridges. Old wall, new railway; which will serve China best? One sought to keep the world out, the other should help to create a Chinese nation that will not need to fear the world.

My first impression of Kalgan was of a modern European station, and many lines of rails; my last and most enduring, the kindness of the Western dweller in the East to the stray Westerner of whose doings he probably disapproves. Between these two impressions I had only time to gain a passing glimpse of the town itself. It is a busy, dirty place, enclosed in high walls, and cut in two by the rapid Ta Ho. A huddle of palaces, temples, banks lies concealed behind the mud walls that hem in the narrow lanes, for the city has been for many years an important trading centre, and through here passes the traffic across the Gobi Desert.

Kalgan stands hard-by the Great Wall; here China and Mongolia meet, and the two races mingle in its streets. Nothing now keeps them in or out, but the barrier of a great gulf is there. Behind you lie the depressing heat, the crowded places of the lowlands. Before you is the untainted air, the emptiness of Mongolia. You have turned your back on the walled-in Chinese world, walled houses, walled towns, walled empire; you look out on the great spaces, the freedom of the desert.

ELIZABETH KENDALL,
From "A Wayfarer in China."

GRADUATE WORK. ENGLISH LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

Our Alumnæ Editor, who deals so faithfully with us all, has requested me to make a brief report of the graduate work in the department of English Literature.

This work originated with Professor Hodgkins, who poured much enthusiasm and fruitful labor into it, but the traces of her leading are blurred in that the treasuring of Master's theses in the library did not, apparently, become a College practice until after Miss Hodgkins' resignation in 1891. As I remember, too, there were no distinctive courses for graduate students then. Moving on with the general movement of the College, the department now offers to graduate students, year in and year out, some four or five seminars, in which, more often than not, a few Seniors of special equipment or ability are fellow students. Our courses in nineteenth century poetry and prose, usually carrying many Seniors and some Juniors, are open, also, to graduate students, to whom more work is assigned than to undergraduates. The seminars listed in the 1911-1912 Calendar deal respectively with English Romanticism, with American Literature, with Modern Authors, with Fourteenth Century Literature, with the Dramatic Literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean Periods, and with a survey of the Development of English Literature as a whole. To this last, Miss Scudder's course 10, found by successive classes so informing and inspiring, the crown of their English Literature major, I must pay tribute in passing, for this course, after a long and honorable history, in which Mr. Young, too, has had a notable part, now disappears from our curriculum. It is lost to Wellesley for reasons beyond the control of the department,—reasons of grading, of the composition of majors, of matters shut away in the dread pages of the Legislation Book, reasons, in short, of red tape, that academic boa (pronounce carefully) which has, with the best intentions, stifled so many an irregular but vigorous College growth.

A graduate student majoring in our department presents, as a prerequisite, the equivalent of at least three full college courses in English literature. Unless she has already a fair knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, she is strongly advised, under ordinary circumstances, to take as a minor the Old English seminar in the department of English language; but occasionally a student, looking forward to writing rather than University study, substitutes for this a minor in English Composition, while special circumstances have led to combination with Greek, German, Spanish and Philosophy.

Some of our students have taken no minor at all, but carried three or four of our graduate courses, making up the College requirement of fifteen hours by the thesis or other "independent work done under the direction of an instructor." Since the new century came in, our thesis record is as follows,—1901: "Critical Edition of Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey," "The Treatment of the Puritans in English Literature," "A Critical Edition of Jonson's Sad Shepherd;" 1902: "The Relation of Ethical and Artistic Values in Browning's Dramas," "Ibsen and Browning as Dramatists," "Marlowe and Shelley;" 1903: "Variations in the Hero Type in English Literature;" 1904: "The Celtic Revival," "A Study of Cowper as the Precursor of Wordsworth," "Contemporary Criticism of Elizabethan Literature;" 1905: "The Influence of Moliere on Dryden;" 1906: "The Elizabethan Religious Lyric;" 1908: "A Critical Edition of Meres' Palladis Tamia (Selections)," "A Critical Edition of Heywood's Fayre Maide of the Exchange," "A Study in Chaucer's Parlement of Foules;" 1909: "A Critical Edition of Phillips' Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum;" 1910: "A Critical Edition of Heywood's Love's Mistress;" 1911: "A Study toward Methods of Revision, Henry VI, I and II," "The Influence of Spenser upon the Earlier Poems of Keats," "A Critical Edition of Selected Biographies from the Athenæ Oxonienses," "An Anthology illustrating the Progressive Treatment of Sea and Sky in English Poetry," "An Edition of Ten Middle English Lyrics;" 1912: "A Critical Edition from the Facsimile Manuscript of Massinger's Believe as Ye List," "English Secular Drama to Shakespeare, Selective Bibliography," "The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont, edited from the Autograph Manuscript."

As our standards advance, our personal fields narrow. Miss Scudder and I do not know as much as we did in that closing decade of the nineteenth century, when we handled between us all the theses quite as a matter of cause. Over several of those named above, Miss Sherwood and Miss Jewett labored with minute care. Not one of us except Miss Shackford, now our Fourteenth Century specialist, would venture to stand sponsor for a scholarly edition of Middle English lyrics. (Miss Lockwood, with a thriving department of her own, we have never counted available for English literature theses.) So a burden that would otherwise be heavy is lightened by natural distribution.

I cannot refrain from adding, for myself, that no teaching I have ever done in these many Wellesley years has brought such rich reward to brain and heart as seminar and thesis work. There is reality in it, and companionship of mind. This delving together to find sources, this confirming one another in the sacredness of fact, this hunting an evasive bit of truth from book to book and library to library, this losing all sense of fret and weariness in the ardor of the chase,—out of such toils shared as comrades are born the friendships that endure. And such friends as they are, these Wellesley masters of whom we are frankly proud! A large proportion of them are now in the full swing of professional activity. They teach in college classrooms, they sit (severely) in editorial chairs, they send us back their learned articles, their Doctor's theses, their books, they press on to wider studies and higher attainment, they outdistance us on the road, but something of our own selves has passed into them and shall go with them rejoicing to their utmost goal.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80.

A FRENCH COLLEGE FOR GIRLS.

"You will write about my school in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE when you go back, won't you?"

It was a hot morning in August. The blazing sun of the Midi barely made its way through to the pavement of the court-yard of the Grand Seminaire, however, so thick was the roof of interwoven plane trees, branches of which had been thus interwoven by the young men studying for the priesthood some years before, when the impressive buildings had been a government school for priests, before the separation of church and state in France.

I turned and looked at the speaker, who had been my friend when we both lived in Stone Hall, and who was now my hostess in France and Madame la Directrice of a government school for girls which was about to take possession of the buildings we were being led through by a caretaker.

"Yes," I said, "I will surely describe all this on my return."

"Because," Mademoiselle Caron pursued, "I should so like to have some American girls in my school from time to time. Now that I shall have this new building an American girl could have two of the priests' little rooms and be very comfortable, and she could take her meals with me in my own dining-room, if she preferred." And then Mademoiselle Caron smiled and added, "and Elisa could cook her what she liked," for I had objected to the cooking of southern France and induced this same picturesque Elisa to try all sorts of American dishes.

Though it had not been fulfilled, my promise had not been forgotten when there appeared in "Harper's Bazar" for May, 1912, an article by Rosamond Botsford, entitled "Two Years in a French Lycée," giving an admirable idea of a government school as I viewed one during my visit to Mademoiselle Caron at Pamiers. The writer of the article is better qualified than I to present the routine of pupil life in France; and I venture to quote from her article at some length.

"As a sequel to Professor T.'s proposal, two weeks later I found myself one of a small family and a demi-pensionnaire in the Lycée de Jeunes Filles of D——. Here properly begins the story of my school life in France.

My vocabulary was limited to the auxiliary verbs and a few proper nouns that sounded most improper when addressed to a real French person. Although there had been English, German, and Russian pupils before my time, I was the only American enrolled since the foundation of the schools. By special permission of Madame la Directrice, I was allowed to join a class of tiny children four and five years old, and thus entered upon second childhood. For the first month I studied the pronunciation of the French vowels and began intuitively to apply the articles properly and to spell simple words.

The Lycée is a great building with two hundred boarders, girls of all ages, which opens its gates every morning to two hundred more day-scholars from the town, as well as from nearby villages and the surrounding country.

The student understands that she comes to school to study, and may go home to play. It is a pretty tradition in our own country that French girls are only taught to pray and embroider, with frequent rounds of dancing and merrymaking. At least that was my early impression, which was soon dissipated. In the light of later observation elsewhere on the Continent, I consider the French school-girl much more diligent than those of her age either in Germany or the United States.

The interne's day begins at half-past six in the morning and ends at half-past nine at night. During this time a scanty four hours are set apart for recreation, between four and five hours to attending recitations and lectures, and the remainder is devoted to preparatory memorizing and study. The dead languages are not compulsory, but there are large classes in Latin. Mathematics, history, geography, French, German, and English language and literature, science, drawing, and sewing comprise the weekly schedule. French literature has a notable place.

Students of English are required to memorize and recite page after page of prose and verse and to compose original themes on subjects assigned by the teacher. Girls of my own age, for example, were asked to compare the short stories of Kipling and Poe, or to explain in what respect the

poetry of Tennyson differed from that of Wordsworth.

But what "gave me most furiously to think" was the Lycée method of teaching French grammar and literature. The intense study of their own language begins with the boys and girls at the age of five. They are lisping roots and derivations, parsing and polishing the French phrase at a time when our children are building houses with alphabet blocks. As they grow older they memorize choice examples of the classic writers. Once a week they must hand in from three to six pages of original composition. These are returned the following week, scored with corrections in red ink, and criticized in open class by the literature professor. Slovenly work is not spared, while the most original essays are read aloud, analyzed, and complimented. Girls of twelve and thirteen will sometimes under such influence produce sketches of unique interest. At the end of the course they have acquired knowledge and control of their own language not always imparted by university training.

Great attention is paid to style. We are taught what Tennyson means by the "glory of words."

After this account of work in the Lycée you will naturally wonder and inquire, do the French girls play? They are aroused at half-past six by the big bell in the court. Girls at boarding-school are alike the world over. They hate to retire at night, and never rise at the call of the bell. Buttoning their long black aprons as they fly, they reach the refectoire by good luck at quarter past seven.

The morning meal is frugal—a cup of café-au-lait and a roll without butter. After breakfast some go to the music-room, others to the study hall, until half-past eight, when the day-scholars arrive and class exercises begin. The first period lasts an hour, followed by a recess of fifteen minutes when all the girls gather in the court walking sedately, but chattering volubly together. After recess there is another hour in class, the externes then go home, while the internes and demi-pensionnaires gather in the salle d'étude. This period of study lasts until quarter to twelve, when the big bell tolls the call to dinner.

This hour was to me one of the most interesting of the day. The refectoire is a long room with a fine Gothic ceiling supported by pillars and substantially the same in appearance as it was a century ago.

When the "black aprons," as they are called, come flocking down from the study-hall they wash their hands at a long sink at one end of the room, and dry them on roller towels. Dinner usually consists of an hors d'œuvre, meat and vegetables, and dessert.

After the luncheon period there is an hour's recess in the courts. In the warm months the girls take their sewing and sit on the benches and chat, or, if it is winter, they repair to the recreation room, where the "black aprons" whirl round in a dizzy French waltz. Then the bells ring for study and all is quiet until two o'clock, when the day scholars return and classes are resumed until half-past four.

After tea comes a period of recreation and then study. Supper is announced at half-past six. Recreation and study succeed supper, and then the older girls assemble in the parloir and Madame la Directrice reads aloud some standard novel or play or perhaps a short story until nine-thirty. So ends a Lycée work-day. Sport means a few hours' Swedish drill a week, and such mild and innocent games as croquet, tag, hide-and-seek, and Red Rover."

To this picture of life within the school, in justice to Pamiers, I should make some effort to describe the vivid impressions the surrounding country left with me.

Foix, with a beautiful old castle perched on a hillside over the mountain river Ariège, is the capital of Ariège; and Pamiers its chief business town. Close to the new school buildings at Pamiers is a park with many shade trees, and benches placed wherever there is a vista. On one side the visitor can see a hillside and valley of most fertile fruit and vegetable gardens, and beyond them the lovely pinnacles of the mountains which separate France from Spain; on the other he sees a corresponding valley with the turbulent river making haste toward the iron works (les Usines) of which the town is justly proud, for in this lazy southern country this evidence of energy is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Down in the old part of the town the streets are narrow, and the houses very

ancient and picturesque; many of them antedate the coming of the Pilgrims to America. The people of this portion of France are short and dark, distinctly different from those of other portions of France. In the towns the soldiers sitting in the cafes along the sidewalks, with their blue uniforms, red caps from which dangle white linen ruffles to protect their necks from the flies in summer, present a perpetual illustration for a Daudet novel. In the country the men are particularly picturesque, wearing red sashes and very Spanish-looking hats. One often meets a goatherd with a Basque tam-o'-shanter.

From Pamiers to Ax-les-Thermes in the heart of the Pyrenées is a matter of about two hours and a half by train. From Foix to the end of this journey is one of the loveliest bits of scenery I have ever seen anywhere. The Pyrenées are not unlike the Tyrolese Alps. The valleys are green, and the farms cling to them far up the sides of the mountains, the barns and hay mounds looking perilously near toppling over into the valleys. It is said that many of these farms belong to men who have earned their money in America, and that one might find among the farmers those who speak excellent English. The mountains often seem to rise from fairly level ground, sometimes in chains, while every now and then, as the train winds in and out, keeping as close as possible to the Ariège River, a single mountain will appear like a solitary giant's chocolate cream.

Ax-les-Thermes is a gay health resort to which excursion rates are issued from Paris, good for stated periods. When I visited it I had a letter of introduction to the wife of the Sous-Prêfet at Pamiers. This lady was taking the waters at Ax. Under her guidance I took my luncheon in an outdoor restaurant connected with a glimmering white hotel. A melancholy-looking individual played on a harp close by, and afterwards travelled first class to Pamiers in the next compartment to mine, which caught my attention as I had been told that in that section of France only millionaires and those who had government passes rode first. The most delicious mountain trout was placed before me, and the finishing touch was added to my enjoyment by the appearance of divers persons riding on donkeys, after the mountain fashion. From Ax the scenery becomes impressive in its ruggedness. A model road has been built through the granite quarries in the direction of Spain, the border of which country is not more than forty miles distant here.

So much for the environment of Mademoiselle Caron's collège. For any one not caring for the fashionable and often expensive schools of Paris, willing to live a simple life, liking a mild winter climate, and eager to master the French language, it seems to me an excellent place to go to. The teachers are chosen by the Inspector General at Paris, having passed there the necessary examinations; and the school is under the charge of the local Inspector at Foix. It is the special hobby of the present mayor of Pamiers, who is also the school physician, an able and progressive man, in entire accord with the introduction of such innovations as Mademoiselle Caron's experience in America has suggested to her as desirable; and the entire city is agreeably disposed to welcome visitors or students from this country, so much do the inhabitants respect our progressive spirit, and so much has Madame la Directrice of the Collège become a part of their municipal and social life.

EDITH TAYLOR SPEAR.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT FELLOWSHIPS: WHY AND HOW?

"Why do you think we are here?" A settlement worker asked a club of young girls in an effort to make them understand the spirit and aim of the work.

"Oh! we think you're rich folks who come down here to waste your time." Inarticulate as the girl was, she voiced the feeling of many outsiders as to the "waste" of time. If, however, you substitute the word "spend" for waste, which really represents the girl's idea, the phrase comes near to being the very key-note of the work. Settlement workers are "rich people" who go "down there" to spend time, gifts, energy, lives, to spend them freely, intelligently and joyously.

This is not as easy as it sounds. The day is far past when amateur work in social service was of value, and when good intentions were sufficient qualification. Settlement work is both a profession and an art. Stop a moment, and think what that implies: first, the knowledge of a very definite practical technique, which can be learned, like any lesson; second, long practise in the actual doing of it, to acquire skill and facility; and third, a natural talent and love for the work.

Surely, it is not necessary to defend settlement work to college women in these days, and yet one often meets with misunderstanding. It is the very heart of the great movement of social service, of "organized love," as Dr. Devine calls it. From this tremendous, intelligent, loving force, the very essence and spirit of Christianity, come both the knowledge of conditions and needs and the consequent definite forms of activity, such as housing reform, recreational opportunity, protection of children, and many others. The settlement itself should never be too definite. Flexibility, adaptability to the nth degree is the great requirement. It is a home, in which a life is lived, and it must be able to change with the needs of the neighborhood and to meet the varying personal and community demands.

Here we may meet in simple human relations those who need help in any way, and may come to know and understand them, their thoughts, backgrounds, problems and aspirations. We may establish sincere relations which bear fruit, not only in the immediate valuable impact of personalities, but in the deeper comprehension of causes and effects, and in knowledge of actual facts which must logically precede any vital and successful organization.

Now, about the Fellowships. The ignorance concerning them is dense. Let us at least know definitely what they are. The College Settlements Association offers each year two training Fellowships of $400.00 to graduates of Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Holyoke, Smith, Wells and Wellesley. One of these is always open to a Wellesley graduate because our Alumnæ Association pays $200.00 a year toward one of them. They are now strictly training Fellowships to give all-round experience in the work, rather than investigation scholarships.

The Fellow goes to one of the College Settlements in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore for nine months, from September 15th to June 15th, to take her training under the Head Worker of that settlement and to attend the local School of Philanthropy, which is included in the Fellowship. Her work is therefore divided into two parts, the study of the theory of the work at the school, and the "field work" at the settlement itself.

Just a word first about the school. There has been much criticism of all these schools because of the repetition. To some extent it is just, but it is due to their recent development, and it is being eliminated as rapidly as possible. The great value of this study is twofold, that it gives you a background, and enables you to see the big scope of the work whose numerous details seem overwhelming, and that you gain the sense of co-operation with other agencies and resources and learn how to use and depend on them. A settlement should never do anything that it can make some one else do better. One more advantage of this course is that it stimulates you to wide reading along social lines, and that is an indispensable part of the social worker's life, although one too often neglected. She needs it vitally to keep the big issues always in mind.

The other part of the work is at the settlement itself, and with the people. Here the position of the Fellow differs from that of the volunteer because she is a valuable person. The College Settlement

Association has invested in her, and her training is one of the Head Worker's jobs. Her work is arranged according to the needs of her development rather than the needs of the immediate work, for the real object is the future expansion of the Work which every settler soon grows to think of with a capital.

Although the programs of settlements vary so greatly that it is difficult to judge of one by another, it may be more effective to describe the actual schedule of the Fellow at the Philadelphia Settlement than to make general statements. The mornings are comparatively free—that is from regular appointments, but the time is filled with odd jobs,—bank errands, office work, shopping, preparing for clubs, classes and entertainments, addressing notices, invitations, and many other minor duties which accumulate so rapidly. Except for calling, the work with the neighbors does not begin until about half-past three, when children come in. In Philadelphia, the lecture appointments are all from three-thirty to five-thirty, on four or five afternoons a week, so that the Fellow has no house appointments until evening.

That is the time when she really learns the work; how to control a roomful of eager untrained children, "area control" is the local slang; how to maintain at all times and under the most trying conditions, the attitude of a hostess toward her guests; how to make things go her way, the way of the settlement, by a combination of atmosphere and personality; how to meet with sincere and simple friendliness people of widely varying types and to create common interests, topics and sympathies. It is not always easy to know what to talk about, or what method of entertainment or amusement to choose next, and yet that is the simple, normal duty of trained and cultivated ladies.

She must learn to keep the highest ideal of a home always in mind, and with that unwavering, to adapt it constantly to the shifting needs of her guests, their requirements and limitations.

The various occasions on which she meets her neighbors are secondary in importance,—they are means to an end. This does not imply, however, that much pains and thought must not be spent on them; quite the contrary, for we need the best tools for such delicate and exacting work. They take much the same form in all settlements;—clubs and classes of all kinds for boys and girls, young men and women; libraries; dancing socials; mothers' parties; gymnasium and out-door yard play; night school and music schools.

Do you wonder that I call it an art? And like all arts it has its own rich reward. It is one of the most interesting things in the world, for it gives scope for the fullest and most vital living; one can use every talent and gift, and every scrap of knowledge and training it is possible to acquire. Of course, it's hard work, but it is well worth while to get that sense of co-operation, even in the smallest way, with the great movement of the age,—the expression of the love of God and man in every-day life that is the real foundation of all social work.

MARION L. COLE, 1907,
College Settlement Fellow for 1911-1912.

THE NEW CALL OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ.

Having been asked to write for the Quarterly an account of the last convention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, I find myself confronted at the beginning of my effort by an oft-repeated question: "What is the A. C. A., and what does it do?"

Since this last convention the New York branch of the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Association has no excuse for ignorance. But whether the things which happen in New York are as vital to the country at large as we New Yorkers like to think them, is always an open question! So the Quarterly seems the most fitting medium through which to remind the older alumnæ and to inform the new of the part that the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ plays in the higher education of women.

Its foundation dates from the days when the relative importance of an A. B. and of a certificate from an academy was very obscure in the popular mind. So certain women's colleges and universities admitting women students formed this association, hoping by the motive power of exclusion to force the institutions which did not conform to certain requirements to elevate their standards, to the end that they too might become of the elect. These standards were not merely questions of curriculum. The admittance of women to the faculties and to the boards of trustees was felt to reflect so clearly the attitude of an institution toward the position of women in the intellectual field that membership in the new association was refused to those colleges and universities where such was not the case. Thus, in the days of the standardization of women's higher education all over the United States, the A. C. A. played a very important part. It plays the same part still in those parts of the country where the establishment of local institutions of learning, such as new state universities, is a present question.

But that day has largely passed. What does the A. C. A. do now?

This very question occupied the attention of the whole convention which met in Denver in 1910. How could we get new blood into the A. C. A. and how use the possibilities for power which lie in such an aggregate of trained women all over the country? It is the custom of this association to suggest at each convention, held alternately East and West, the topics for discussion at the next convention. So the questions propounded in Denver in 1910 became subjects for discussion in New York in 1911, viz., "The New Basis for Membership," Dean Talbot of the University of Chicago being chairman of the committee in charge, and "Reorganization," with President Thomas as chairman.

President Thomas's committee presented no report, because of the absence of the chairman from the United States during the past year, but an informal conference was held at which the presidents of the various college clubs around New York were invited to speak. The discussion centered around co-operation between local branches of the A. C. A. and college clubs. Antagonism or co-operation seemed to lie not in the inherent quality of a college club, or of the A. C. A., but in local conditions. The general sense of the meeting was that the social purpose of the college club could not be fulfilled by the A. C. A., but that the latter more general organization should point the way to work along educational or civic lines, to be undertaken with the separate college groups.

Bryn Mawr was most unfortunate at this meeting, because of the usual confusion between the Bryn Mawr Club of New York and the New York Branch of the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Association. Other college clubs about New York represent all the alumnæ in the neighborhood from their respective colleges, banded together for social relaxation or with a civic purpose. The Bryn Mawr Club, on the other hand, is a close organization like the Harvard Club or the Yale Club, owning a house where Bryn Mawr women can live, entertain their friends, or meet each other, with no ulterior purpose. From its nature, the Bryn Mawr Club could not co-operate with the A. C. A. The misunderstanding grew from the mistake of the committee on speakers in inviting the president of the Bryn Mawr Club to speak, instead of Mrs. Learned Hand, president of the New York Branch of the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Association.

For the Committee on the New Basis of Membership, Dean Talbot presented va-

rious plans for enlarging the membership, and Plan I was accepted by the delegates: "To admit to the A. C. A. all institutions of learning, having women graduates, which fulfilled the requirements of the Carnegie Foundation, with, however, the omission of the religious clause in the above foundation," (I quote from memory). The old stipulations of the A. C. A. about women on the Faculty were added. This change in the basis of membership increases the possible numbers of the A. C. A. by about one-third. The colleges admitted are many of those whose standards have not been those of the A. C. A., but now seem to the A. C. A. of equal value in the education of women.

One great difference between the two standards lies in the credit given in these colleges for "vocational" subjects, such as domestic science, sex hygiene, manual training, music, etc. Bryn Mawr, through Miss Thomas's influence, has always stood in the Association for "cultural" studies, as opposed to "vocational," in the college curriculum. What is to be the position taken by the A. C. A. as a whole upon this very important question? Is the pressure of numbers from these newly admitted colleges to decide entirely its course? This is the time when those alumnæ of Bryn Mawr who believe in a purely cultural college course as a preparation for life may exert a great influence upon educational standards for women all through the country by joining the A. C. A. and expressing the faith that is in them.

A recommendation which might be approved by both parties was made by Mrs. John H. Huddleston, (Mabel Parker Clark, B.M., '89), in her very compelling paper on "The Modification of College Entrance Requirements." Her committee, the Committee on Public Education of the New York Branch of the A. C. A., finds as the result of a two-years' canvass that college women who are engaged in social work are coming to perceive the unfitness of the high school training for the girl who in the high school has her last glimpse of formal education. The high school claims that the college entrance examinations have to form the basis of their course, and Mrs. Huddleston's paper therefore urged a much greater freedom in the entrance examinations, so as to enable the high school to find room in its curriculum for manual training and domestic science.

The general trend of the whole discussion of the convention settled along the lines of cultural and vocational subjects in secondary and college courses. The opening address of the convention was by Dr. Felix Adler, who made the point that any study, treated from an historical and evolutionary view-point, is cultural. The day which the delegates spent at Columbia was marked by the plea made by Dean Russell of the Teachers' College for recognition of the domestic sciences. At the final dinner at the Hotel Astor, the majority of the speakers were in favor of letting vocational courses receive credit in work for the A.B. degree. But President Thomas and President Taylor of Vassar, were stout champions of the purely cultural.

Plainly we must all inform ourselves of the facts and necessities in the case and be prepared to cast an intelligent vote. The decision of the A. C. A. to throw its influence for or against vocational training, at any point, may affect the lives of hundreds of thousands of girls who will never enter the doors of a college. This fact gives us a glimpse of the new interests and aims of the Association. Mrs. Morrison, the new president, held a very important post in the recent struggle of California women for the suffrage, and from all sides is heard the verdict that it was the splendid organization of those women perfected by their officers which won the day. Her election seems like a sign pointing out the way we may pursue.

If Mrs. Morrison can perfect the organization of the A. C. A. so that it become a mighty weapon for civic righteousness, shall Bryn Mawr stand aloof? Even as we led in the old days in the struggle for a high standard of women's education, let us, under this equally inspiring banner, add our numbers and our voice.

HELEN HOWELL MOORHEAD,
Bryn Mawr, 1914.

In the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Quarterly.

SOME PHASES OF PEG-FITTING.

Possibly the most over-worked phrases in educational circles to-day are "blind alley occupations" and "fitting the round peg to the round hole and the square peg to the square hole." Now, fitting pegs, when you are dealing with wood, may be a very simple operation, but fitting human pegs, I can testify, presents its problems. In the first place, round human pegs do not always look round and square ones are also frequently deceptive. Human pegs, moreover, are not so easily whittled to the necessary dimensions as are wooden ones, and to add to the difficulites of this kind of peg-fitting some human pegs have qualities which make it difficult for them to "stay put," this species having a most disconcerting tendency to pop out of the very holes which seem to the naked eye of the vocational assistant to have been especially designed for them. Perhaps these pegs are made of drift-wood!

It is evident, then, that we cannot push the figure of "fitting pegs" too far. Anyone who considers vocational guidance in a trade school a mere process of recognizing at sight a round peg and a round hole and putting the first into the second will, if she assumes the duties of a vocational assistant, be treated to a new sensation every hour.

For the benefit of those who do not know about the Boston Trade School for Girls, let it be understood it is a free public school, open to any girl from fourteen to twenty-five years of age whose residence is in Massachusetts. The evening school admits anyone over fourteen. In the day school are some three hundred pupils, all preparing to enter one of the needle trades. In charge of the classes in dressmaking, millinery, straw, machine sewing and clothing machine operating, are women who have had long and successful experience in the trades they teach. In the cooking and laundry departments the teachers are women who have received the best training and are alive to the necessity of training the girls for positions both inside and outside of their homes, ever keeping in mind that the business woman is very often a home maker as well. There is no empty theorizing in this school; it is distinctly a business school, with its aims and purposes well defined.

Since the girls of to-day are not urged by necessity alone to choose a special line of work, but because many parents are coming to the realization that it is only fair to their daughters as well as to their sons to allow them to learn to do some one thing well and that uncongenial work or idleness may be the worst things which can befall a woman, we have girls of varying degrees of fortune. I think it may safely be said, however, that the majority of the pupils belong to two types,—those who choose to leave the grammar or high school from lack of interest therein, or those who are forced by financial stress or the greed of their parents to go to work at a very early age. There is no special time for entering any course nor is there any stated length of time required for completing a course. The school is in session summer and winter and girls enter it and leave it every day. No one is permitted to remain in the school more than two years; how much time less than this a girl may need to acquire her training, depends wholly upon her individual effort and ability. The pupils are from various grades of the public school and in some cases a good deal of extra academic coaching is required in order that they may secure their working certificate. This is especially true of foreign girls who have been in our country but a short time.

No attempt whatever, of course, is made to drag any girl out of the grammar school in order to teach her a trade. The objection of a certain type of opponents to industrial education is sometimes based on this false hypothesis. On the contrary, every effort is made to persuade a girl to accept as much "cultural education" (in the popular use of the term) as she can afford to take, and to defer her trade training to the last possible moment. But it must be acknowledged by even the most rabid enemy of trade education that there is an ever-increasing number of boys and girls leaving school to go to work and that the majority of these have no idea whatever of anything but earning some money, —in what way they cannot tell you. The first duty, then, is to persuade the parents of such children that future returns in both greater efficiency and higher wages are to be sought rather than a present low wage

with the probability of its continuance, coupled with lack of opportunity. Some parents need intermittent applications of this sort of argument. For example, Jennie M. enters the dressmaking course and evidences unusual ability during the first three months of her training. At the end of that time she remains away from school sufficiently long to arouse the suspicions of the principal, who knows only too well the kind of parents Jennie has. The vocational assistant is accordingly sent to visit the home and during a confidential chat with Jennie's mother, she finds that Mr. M. had taunted Jennie so frequently with the shameful fact that she was a great fourteen-year-old girl and was not bringing a cent in to help support the family, that Jennie could stand it no longer. She had, therefore, gone to work as a bundle girl in one of the department stores. The vocational assistant makes sure that there is no real need of Jennie's contribution to the support of the family and then visits her in a dark, ill-ventilated basement where she has lost what little color she had. She is urged not to pay any attention to her father's jibes, (in some cases, unfortunately, "Honor thy father and thy mother" must be shorn of its authority in justice to the child), but to return to school and finish her training. She reports the next morning and all goes well for a month. Then, after an absence of three or four days, the vocational detective is once more directed to pursue her. This time the mother thinks Jennie has been in school quite long enough and, as she wants a new party dress "for a party she is going to on St. Patrick's Day" she had just told Jennie she could go to work and make money. After all the arguments which can be convincingly used are mustered forth, Mrs. M. finally agrees to allow Jennie to finish her training. And so it goes,—the parents of some Jennies requiring periodical visitations and divers outpourings of "line upon line and precept upon precept." And of course all these cases mean that the principal of the Trade School carries on her shoulder the knowledge that this girl and that girl and the other girl must be looked up by her very frequently to see if they are making the best of their moments and the teachers are reminded that they must be hurried along if we do not wish to lose them to the ranks of the unskilled workers.

Imagine the feeling of relief, then, when Jennie has really finished her training and is ready to go out to work! The vocational assistant confers with the principal on the possible positions and the special qualities and kind of work required for them and then the peg-fitting actually begins. Jennie is taken to her future employer, who, it is safe to assume from cumulative experience, would like a fifteen-dollar girl for six dollars, and is introduced to her by a vocational assistant who wears a bold face to conceal her quaking heart. If, after this fateful occasion, the horizon remains clear for several weeks and there are no signs of Jennie's appearing on it, the vocational assistant reports to the principal that it seems safe to take a good, deep breath.

Sometimes a girl must be launched several times before she knows how to steer her own boat. But how proud she is when she does know how. Surely no mortal can have a greater sense of achievement than one of the Trade School girls who has established an enviable reputation in her place of employment and begins to feel her power to open the door of opportunity for herself and others.

During the dull seasons girls frequently come back to us for replacement. This problem of the seasons in the needle trades is a serious one indeed. In the power machine factories, in the dressmaking shops, every place where woman's garments are made there are "dull" and "rush" seasons. And the only people who can lessen the extent of the trouble caused by this, are the women themselves. As long as we are determined to wait until the last moment to buy our spring clothes for fear we shall not have the latest style, as long as we rush in to our milliners' and dressmakers' shops all in a crowd and hurry them up on the orders we gave them at the eleventh hour, so long shall we be responsible for overwork at some seasons of the year and dull worry and grinding care because of no work at other times.

No girl is placed by the Trade School without some knowledge of her employer and the place of employment. Hours of labor, length of season, number and appearance of employees, conditions of the workroom or factory are looked up before

an offered position is filled. In some cases appearances may be all that can be desired, but the reputation of the employer is not. It is not necessary to point out the extreme care essential in placing girls with some of the dressmakers and milliners of Boston and why we must have a black list of places which are undesirable for our girls for various reasons. Because of the fact that the majority of the girls who have gone out to work from the Trade School have established good reputations for themselves we have no trouble whatever in finding openings for pupils of the school. The difficulty is to find enough girls to fill the really desirable places which are offered us. This makes it possible for us to choose only the best and reject the inferior positions which would admit of little or no opportunity. The more available the positions the more likely are we to fit the peg!

In order, then, continually to widen the field of choice it is most important that we act in fairness to the employer as well as to the girl we place. The interests of the individual pupil and of the school demand that we make a fair and just estimate of her earning capacity, before placing a girl, and then bend every effort to get what she is worth. The education of the employer to the "square deal" in the matter of wages and treatment of his employees is all in the day's work. But we would fall hopelessly short of our purpose if we failed to practice the square deal ourselves. If we have been told by the principal and the trade teachers that a girl who is about to go out to work has always been careless and has needed an undue amount of supervision it would be folly to ask the same wage for her as for a reliable, faithful and efficient worker. And you must know that there are as many variations in the Trade School girl species as in any other family, plant or animal, and that we, therefore, have a goodly number of poor specimens as well as good ones to launch forth on their careers. This does not mean that they are not fitted for needlework; in all probability they can do needlework better than anything else they would attempt, but it simply means that we must expect to find different grades of workers and that we must do the very best we can for each individual in justice to herself, the school and the employer. The good-will and confidence of the employer who honestly advances his employees we seek to retain; that of the employer who does not we feel no compunctions in losing, realizing that after a certain length of time patience ceases to be a virtue and that it is our duty to put our girls in places where they stand a reasonable chance of advancement. This means that transferals are sometimes necessary. When we consider the relation of wages to morals this question is of deep significance indeed.

Unfortunately, many people are so ignorant of the meaning and value of trade training, that their sole test of its results is the wage a girl is able to command on first going out to work. If trade schools were conducted for the mere purpose of showing figures, I have no doubt the principal would refuse to permit any but the most clever and promising girls to remain in the school. But she wisely reasons that it takes some girls longer than others to develop those qualities which make for success in either professions or trades, and that while one girl will evidence in a month pronounced ability, another may be slow and plodding and not able to command a good wage until she has spent a year and a half or two years in the school and has had several seasons of experience in her trade. It is scarcely necessary to explain why the tortoise and the hare deserve equal consideration on the part of those responsible for their training and also why the tortoises do not make a good showing on our tables of statistics showing the "beginning wage."

But statistics and figures cannot tell the whole tale. The Boston Trade School for Girls is turning out not only better workers, but better women and every day it is proving the fact that the girls who go out from it are fortunate indeed in the splendid foundations they have had laid for them and the well-rounded training they have received. Letters and personal commendations from former pupils and employers, not to forget the definite, tangible proof of the worth of the Trade School girls which comes in the form of an ever-growing demand for them, lead us to believe that this practical and, according to Dr. Kerschensteiner, eminently cultural (in the true and significant sense of the word) kind of education has come to stay. And those who are entrusted with the duty of peg-fitting cannot but consider themselves stationed at posts of honor in such a school as the Boston Trade School for Girls.

MARY B. GILSON, '99.

THE CURRIER-MONROE FUND OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

HISTORY. The Currier-Monroe Fund was begun in 1886 under the name of the Monroe Fund of Elocution in honor of Lewis B. Monroe of the Boston University School of Oratory. The object was to furnish for the department readings and lectures that should inspire the students with higher ideals in vocal expression.

In 1907 the name was changed by the Trustees of Wellesley College to the Currier-Monroe Fund. The present amount of the Fund accumulated by gifts and bequests with accrued interest, now amounts to nearly $12,000.

PROSPECTUS. $30,000 is the amount desired to found a Chair of Elocution in Wellesley College. To raise this amount an earnest appeal is made to all interested in the cultivation of the voice in our schools and colleges. It is well known that thousands of our college graduates enter the lecture field, become presidents of clubs, or take up the various professions, especially that of teaching, handicapped by their failure to use effectively the beautiful organ with which Nature has endowed them,—the human voice. It is to better this condition that the Currier-Monroe Fund is to be applied.

THE VOCAL ART.

The man or woman who would to-day be counted a person of culture, must have included among his attainments a cultured voice.

Especially pleasing and charming in social intercourse and in the home is this delightful art, but in public speaking, to which now-a-days as many women as men are called, it is an absolute necessity,—a sine qua non. Given a sweet, mellifluous, far-carrying voice, and an audience is more than half won at the first sentence and wholly so at the second. On the other hand a speaker may be armed with incontrovertible arguments, and he have a voice inadequate to their utterance,—he will be less convincing than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Such success as the persevering W. J. Bryan has been able to claim in his nummerous political sorties is said to be the result of a glorious vocal organ.

Who that has ever heard her, does not recall the compelling charm of Ellen Terry's sweet voice? And to what occult power does the "divine Sarah" owe the magic spell which she still in her old age casts over adoring audiences, if not to a splendidly cultured and preserved voice?

The day is long passed when a singer, however gifted by nature, dare appear in public unfortified by long and efficient vocal culture. Not less apprehensive should be all those who aspire to the pulpit, the stage, the platform, the schoolroom and last but by no means least, to the home itself.

Our nasal, unattractive American voices are much derided by foreigners,—but our country is still young and fast growing in appreciation of all those arts and accomplishments which have come to us slowly, partly from lack of opportunity, but more from ignorance and indifference.

It needs but half a prophet's eye to foresee that within the next decade, our nation will have so risen in appreciation of what is beautiful and necessary that no college or university throughout the length and breadth of the land, will consider itself even fairly equipped without a temple to the glorious art of Elocution.

J. J. D.

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

WITH the Common well behind me, and the large district of the North End as my goal, I wandered bravely among crooked streets into a different world. The first sign lettered with Jewish characters that caught my eye gave me the same thrill of foreignness that I used to feel on my former weekly trips to my class in this district, and it was with a sense of welcome familiarity that I looked down the streets. Jewish signs, often interpreted into English as well, bristled from every shop, advertising names and trades entirely foreign to other parts of the city. "K. Sloborkin" was only one of the many "Makers of Coffins and Caskets," but I think he was the only one who boasted of "Quick Work."

The saloons, which at first alarmed me, I grew to pass with an almost negative interest. I noticed them only when I had to step over dark streamlets on the sidewalk where the liquor had been splashed. Long before I had reached the first corner I had made the acquaintance of beer kegs, and my nostrils stung with their pungent smell. They stood on the sidewalk outside many of the saloons,—and on that street nearly every basement was a saloon, —and wherever they had leaked out into dark puddles, long-nosed, little boys scooped up the liquid and spattered it far and wide. I became used to finding my safety in the street. I asked my way of one little boy, and he smiled back as he explained, "No'm, I don'd know where Chambers streedt iss,—this iss my streedt." A gaily kerchiefed woman, bearing down towards me, looked more promising, but she shook her head, answering me in Jewish; and trundled past, her shoes clapping the pavement dully.

I roamed on, loitering at some of the doorways where curly-headed children clustered and played as freely as though in a private playground. Once a dirty-faced little girl hailed me as I passed, with a friendly "Hello," and then hid her impish eyes behind the baby that filled her arms. I wondered, as I smiled back, whether she could have held such a bulky bundle if it had not been asleep. Girls passed me in chattering groups, balancing wide-eyed babies against their shoulders with one hand, and flinging out the other in rapid gestures,—girls with impossible hair and broken shoes. And as I met them, group after group, their eyes were as the eyes of those who look always on the kaleidoscopic, —never on repose. They lacked almost entirely that sensitive, yet searching glance of the few withered mothers and grandmothers whom I passed. Suddenly, from one doorway darted a figure with flying braids, who planted herself squarely in my path and grinned up at me excitedly, chief imp of my club,—Sophie Castlemann!

"Wha-at you doin' over here, Miss Teacher, say?" she asked curiously, with an inimitable flattening of the vowels that made them all complaints.

"I am on my way to the Kribitskis," I told her, "for I found at R. H. White's that Ida hadn't been there for a long time, and I feared she might be sick."

Sophie took possession of my arm and hung forward on it as she peered continually up into my face.

"Sick?" she ridiculed, "no—Ida ain't sick! But lemme go with you! You ain't near Chambers street at all."

So, with Sophie pressing close, I found myself being led up another hilly little street. It was so narrow that the iron fire escapes almost met across it and women gossiped from window to window. Here the way was blocked by several great wagons heaped with solid sacks of grain, that labored noisily over the cobblestones in a monotonous procession. There was a wagon of stripped logs, too, whose raw bulk was lashed fast with creaking chains, and beneath whose protruding ends clung three leech-like urchins,—targets for all the taunts of the other youngsters.

"Oh you Sophie!" a voice called once, teasingly, from somewhere below, and Sophie had to bend nearly double to make a face in at the proper window. It belonged to a heavy-smelling meat shop where the space near the ceiling was strung with a maze of sausages. We peered down into shop after shop sunk below street level, where heaps of red apples, cabbages, uncovered shoulders of meat, and long, stick-like loaves of bread, crowded up to the dingy windows. Here where the critical question was an elemental one of want

and not one of leisurely selection, no care need be taken to make provisions look attractive; everything was piled together, doughnuts with potatoes, and cheese with cabbages. As we passed one window, showing in one corner a half demolished pyramid of apples, and in the other a slatted kennel of puppies, I asked Sophie if she would be willing to buy her apples there. Her answer shed the first gleam of light on a truth that became more and more defined to me that morning.

"Would I buy apples at that dirty place? I don't think!" she protested. "Miss Presscot tells us about getting things at clean places, over at the Peabody Settlemendt. But my mother would buy those apples,—she don't know."

"But does no one tell your mother?" I asked.

"Shoo-oor," nodded Sophie. "They tell them at the settlemendts, and I tell my mother, too. But you know, they only talk Jewish, so they think what Miss Presscot says in English don't matter to them, I guess. The men that keep the shops they talk in Jewish, and our mothers like to go to their shops. They like the Jewish ways, all the times. But when my Annie keep the house or me, we buy our things off clean American shops."

She bobbed her head virtuously, and with her words a new understanding began to dawn on me. We turned into Chambers street, a twisting street filled with endless mobs of children. They played in isolated groups, and in great tribes up the street as far as we could see. From curb to curb stretched wabbly diagrams for hop-scotch, across which little girls journeyed skilfully on one leg. Voices shrilled out in angry comradeship, but broke into sudden laughter as some child would trip on the inevitable trail of shawl that tangled her nimble legs. Down in our direction a little girl came skipping over the cobblestones, wholly unconscious of watching eyes. She sang as she came, dodging groups of marble players and crap shooters without breaking her song or her step, and no one attended to her, apparently, except myself. On a doorstep beside us sat a curly-headed little girl crooning over a popular tune and slapping the time against the wall with a broken chair rung; while a wee, grubby boy behind her was completely absorbed in counting over all the remaining buttons on the back of her dress, and naming them to himself.

Across the street, two men stood in hot debate on the steps of a dark building with tomb-like doors which, Sophie informed me, was the Jewish Institute. The men of this neighborhood were always in grave earnest,—intense and unsmiling. Whether it was due to the full, black beards I could not tell, but their faces were moody and full of meaning.

"The one with the flattest derby is Sadie Sheffer's father," whispered Sophie, "an' he don't want that Sadie should have fun. He don't let her out with the boys any times, only when her big brother goes."

Further down Chambers street we came to the store belonging to Sophie's father. It was a shop with expansive and bleary windows showing white petticoats, boots, barbaric ribbons. Heavily lettered signs proclaimed "fine white lace 5c," and "stylish winter coats $2.75." Another great sign tried to save the self-respect of the establishment by explaining in a long paragraph "How We Do It." I did not read this explanation; but as we stood at the window a dull-faced boy of about thirteen walked heavily out past the sign, his slight shoulders bent by a pile of men's clothing.

"My Max says,—you know,—he's my brother,—that when he gets a store, he ain't goin' to have no boys carryin' heavy clothes like that. He talks a lot to Miss Presscot over at the Settlemendt, but my father won't hardly believe a thing he says. He gets mads on when Max talks, because he don't want the boys to carry them, neither,—only the boss makes 'em. But Max, he ain't goin' to get in with no boss, ever."

Sophie broke off suddenly, for ahead of us a woman was railing at two men and struggling crazily to get away from them.

"A fight—it's a fight!" cried Sophie excitedly. The woman fought fiercely, her shock of hair half blinding her, and her arms flung about furiously. By means of heavy lunges and well-aimed clutches the men finally gripped her arms behind her, and shoved her down the street before them. After her first exclamation, Sophie watched the scene in silence, but with none of my horror.

"It's Rosie Seigerberg's old Rachel," she remarked, tossing her braid back over

her shoulder. Her gaze was as disinterested as only that of a child can be when it has looked on worse things, but she took a kindly interest in the effect that the scene produced on me, and continued in a conversational tone: "She goes crazy sometimes and they have to take her off somewheres. Rosie ain't home, I guess,—the way she fights for old Rachel, you'd think she was goin' to stay Jew all her life! We tease her on it; it's lots of fun."

Just then a young woman with one child in her arms and one at her skirts hailed us from across the street.

"It's my Annie," Sophie announced, answering the smile that Annie flashed at us from the folds of her gay head shawl. "Annie—come over here!"

As she came a flock of dusty sparrows shivered up into the air before and around her and to my surprise she turned and laughed at them.

"This is my sister Annie." There was a conscious effort at distinctness in Sophie's tone, and she reminded us of our proper manners with a funny little bob of head and shoulders. "You know, Annie—my 'home libree' teacher." I gathered that I was Sophie's supreme and private possession. Straddling the shelf of Annie's hip sprawled a lusty youngster with a smutty face, who surely was destined to turn some day into a super-solemn man! But the mother turned my attention to the older child, stooping down to loosen his clutch on her skirt.

"This is my Sem," she told me; and Sem lifted snapping black eyes to mine as if to prove it. "I teach him to be—you know—polite!" She went on—"Sem, now, speak to Sophie's lady." Sophie was squatting on her heels, caressing the child's skirts, and she hugged him quickly and added her urging.

"Say something, kid—don't be scared. Your mouth's all dirty with that cake. What for did you give it him, Annie?" at which words Sem smiled a jolly little smile, held up a mussy chunk of bread to me, and inquired, "Willst du ein Stickel Brent?"

His mother laughed, and nodding back over her shoulder, she caught his hand and bore away down the street. Sophie and I watched them a minute, and then turned in at the Kribitskis' doorway, and started up the stairs.

"You take the banisters, teacher," she directed, "because you can't see in here—and you better look out for stepping on cats."

By the time we had reached the second flight the blackness seemed to deaden every sense. I could feel Sophie as we jostled each other on the narrow stair, but only dully. Once she whispered that here Ida's landlord lived, and that he was "usu-ally drunk, so we'd best go quiet." I tried to accept the hint, but spoiled the effect altogether by stepping on a soft, little tail in the dark,—a step that was answered by a burst of kittenish rage. On the next flight we stumbled simultaneously over a sobbing child; but whether its rough, short hair identified it as a boy, or its brief petticoats proclaimed it a girl, we could not tell. The crying stopped suddenly, and I could feel the little shoulders turn rigid under my fingers.

"What's got you, little kid? Hm?" asked Sophie. "Are you a boy or a—" but the child had wriggled between us and raced pell mell down the stairs.

How long I held my breath, waiting for the awful tumble that must come, I don't know, but the clatter died away and no bump sounded.

"Co-ome!" called a husky voice from behind the Kribitskis' door, in answer to our knock. As we entered, the very air of the room seemed gray; the two windows were dingy and streaked, the floor was of the kind that could never look clean, and the walls themselves were musty and marred. A somewhat shapeless woman straightened up from the battered wash-tub, with a vague motion of smoothing her frowsy hair as she stared at us silently. Her hair and face and dress were of different shades of the same colorless quality, and her eyes were uninteresting.

"I came to find out about your Ida, Mrs. Kribitski," I began. "Do you remember me?"

She smiled uncertainly and as she approached us shoved back toward the wall a pail of gray scummy water. The mop that rested in it clattered to the floor, splashing the dirty water all about, and sending Mrs. Kribitski into a jabber of Jewish. Without answering, an unimportant looking little boy pushed his chair

away from the wall and laid down his bethumbed book to pick the mop up. His mother turned back to us with the same hesitating smile, and murmured, "No Ingliss, no Ida," and again "No Ingliss."

At this moment Ida's father appeared at the inner doorway and his wife, pointing to him, went back to her wash-tub.

"Are—you—Ida's—teacher?" he asked brokenly. And, when he found I was,—"Ida would be here to see you," he said with serious courtesy. "But Ida iss oudt—ever," he went on, almost as if to himself alone. "And you, too—" to Sophie—"And all of them."

"What is it, Mr. Kribitski?" I began—"Ida—"

"No, Ida iss a good girl," he interrupted. "It iss nodt that. You are too young, you do nodt know. But she nefer like to stay home now—She don'd like her home, only her settlemendts." He paused between his sentences to smooth the crown of his squat derby with his cuff absently, or to stroke his heavy beard with unclean fingers. "You do not know, but something it iss—our kinder are not like us. They are not Jewish, only on holy days. They are not Russian any more. They say they are America. Budt it iss thiss—how iss my Ida America when I am Russia? Iss it because we nodt speek Ingliss?—Only you are too young to tell . . . . . You cannot see what idt means."

He turned away into the inner room, mumbling into his beard in Jewish, and disappeared.

HARRIET BEECHER DEVAN, 1913.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Ah, true! Beneath the far Samoan skies,
And high above the ever-shifting sea,
In breathless sleep for all eternity
His dear, frail, weary, body lies.
Yet we who walk with twilight hearts, and eyes
That see but darkly for the brimming tears,
Know that across the intervening years
His voice a silver note of challenge cries
That we should wear the mantle of our pain
As though it were a cloak of countless price,
Should learn with silent courage to despise
To hold life's bitterness as aught but gain.
So, heartened by his faith, we go our way,
And find fresh strength for each new-dawning day.

CHARLOTTE M. CONOVER, 1914.

A SUBURBAN INTERLUDE.

THE shadows of the maple trees that bordered Prospect Avenue still lay long in the eastern sunshine when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bradley Norton, laden with bandboxes and umbrellas, turned from the main thoroughfare which led from the suburban station, and came in sight of The Bungalow. To be sure, there were other bungalows along the street, but to the minds of the Nortons any further designation would be unnecessary. Was not The Bungalow their bungalow, for which they had planned and labored these three years? Had they not imposed upon themselves a hundred little economical restrictions—theaters only twice a month, no more flowers for Edith, fewer cigars for Edward, and custom tailored suits absolutely vetoed, in favor of "ready-to-wears?" And of every piece of self-denial had they not laughingly figured the exact amount, filling little Don's bank with every sort of money, from nickels to twenty-dollar bills?

"For it's really Don's bungalow, in a way," Edith had explained, "since we're moving out here just to get him away from the city."

The Bungalow stood on the corner, square, squat, and white in the sunshine, with a shadowy porch and a broad, sodded lawn.

"There it is, Ned!" exclaimed Edith, with the air of a traveller catching his first glimpse of Niagara Falls. "It's ours! And we're moving in to-day!"

"The fates permitting," laughed her husband. "Moving, my dear, is an uncertain quantity."

Even as he spoke an express wagon, rumbled up the street and stopped at the gate. Another one, following in its wake, drew up at the house next door.

"Hello!" said Ned, "they must be moving in there, too."

"What fun!" cried Edith. "I hope they're nice people. Don, come here this minute! You must not walk on the sodded lawn! I told you you'd have to be very good. Come on, Ned, let's open the house and begin!"

Within the bungalow all was spotless, and redolent of freshly finished oak. Edith drew a deep breath of pure joy as she took off her coat and rolled her sleeves back from her white arms. Even the fact that the first boxes contained pictures and lamps instead of rugs and furniture did not becloud her spirits.

Not until lunch time did she begin to feel a bit of a strain from the combination of the expressman, of Lena, of two shuffling Swedes, who having agreed to render their services by the day, hence shuffled with exceeding slowness, and of Don, clambering everywhere in imminent danger of losing his life. Then, standing relaxed, a little wearily, on the shadowy veranda she noticed the unpacking operations going on next door. A little girl with flying hair ran into the yard, and a moment later Edith caught a glimpse of a woman in a blue dress standing at the door. That glimpse brought her a sudden sense of kinship with the other woman who was young, like herself, and starting on a new venture.

"I'm sure she's nice," she told Ned later. "I heard her call the little girl,—Anne,—and her voice was,—well, just a lady's voice. And her husband is bound to be splendid, too. Aren't we the luckiest mortals you ever heard of to have such perfectly good people right next door?"

Ned smiled indulgently, as he often did at Edith's rhapsodies.

"How do you know they're nice?" he teased. "They may be imposters or adventurers. Or perhaps they won't approve of us. What are you going to do if they never call?"

"Why, of course they'll call," protested Edith. "Thank goodness we don't have to try not to know each other, the way you do in a city."

"But anyway," insisted Ned, laughing, "I don't see how you can expect them to call first. They haven't lived in the neighborhood any longer than we have,—in fact we're moving in on the same day. How are you going to settle that? Wouldn't it be an unpardonable social error to make the first call if you hadn't been here first?"

Edith's brow clouded. "Why, Ned, that's so!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of it!"

Ned observed with dismay the transformation of his wife's pretty face.

"Now I've done it!" he ejaculated.

"I only intended to plague you a bit, and I seem to have struck something real for you to worry about!"

Edith was too abstracted to listen to him.

"It's true," she pondered. "The only hope is that we'll meet somewhere—though even so we shouldn't be any further along. Why didn't we move in a day earlier?

Puzzling questions of convention were banished from Edith's mind in the disordered days that followed; days when the slow-moving Swedes seemed entirely stationary; when Lena was the incarnation of gloom and incompetence; when Don's depredations in house and yard almost passed endurance; and when Ned himself seemed strangely altered (in the new, restless role of commuter).

But after several weeks Edith, with less to do, began to realize that during the long days with Ned in town she was lonely. She wanted someone to run in to exclaim over the cool order of the big living-room, and the effectiveness of a bowl of early roses on the low table. She wanted to discuss housekeeping problems of the suburbs with someone who knew, and to debate the relative merits of the two grocer's shops. She wanted to show her newly planted garden to a sympathetic person who would rejoice over the curly lettuce tips and the first pansy blossom. She found she had acquired the habit of taking her sewing to the south window that looked out upon the bungalow next door. Again and again she felt the impulse to march up on its broad piazza and to ring the bell, in defiance of all well-regulated suburban conventions; but in the end she always remembered Ned's words, "Wouldn't it be an unpardonable social error to call first if you hadn't been here first?" Gazing from her window, however, she built up pleasant imaginings about the people. A glimpse of the pretty woman in blue standing at the door, or of her tall, blond husband, with little Anne on his big shoulder, waving from the gateway, was as pleasant in its suggestiveness as it was tantalizing in its remoteness.

"Her name is Margaret," Edith would ponder, "and her husband is a lawyer, I'm sure. We probably know a lot of the same people in Kansas City and Chicago. Oh, I'm going to call on her!—No,—I don't dare. She might be shocked."

"Ned," she exclaimed one night as she met him at the door, "I've found out their names! You'd never guess how, so I'll tell you. The postman brought some of their mail over here by mistake—a fat letter postmarked Chicago, and addressed to,—listen, Ned, the nicest name!—to Mrs. Harvey Burch Harrison. And I thought of course I could send Lena over with it, and then perhaps we could speak, but he found out his mistake and came back for it. So that hope is gone."

Ned put an arm around his wife.

"Why, child," he said, "if you want to know them as much as all that, I'll,—why, confound it, I'll go across this minute and bring 'em over!"

"Ned! Don't!" She seized his arm, and there was real alarm in her voice, for Ned's gestures in the direction of the door had been businesslike.

"Then promise me you'll forget all this." The arm went around her. "Call up Polly and some of the girls in town and have 'em out for a week end. I'm not going to have you pining away from loneliness out here."

"I don't pine," protested Edith in muffled tones from his shoulder, "other people have called—the Lacys and Mrs. Kirkham Z. Smith and—"

"Yes! and you said yourself they were all suffragists or home missionaries and that the Lacys didn't approve of your marble Venus."

"And then I—I talk to Lena. I'm really surprisingly friendly with Lena. I expect her to be impertinent almost any day, and then—"

Edith's sentence was quite smothered against Ned's shoulder, and though she could not see his face his tone was fervent as he heaped up maledictions on social conventions, suburbs, and servants.

Donald Norton, aged six, was also feeling the limitations of suburban existence. Having been given full range of the lawn, with many injunctions not to pull the pansy plants or pass beyond the bounds of the low stone wall, his inquiring eye swept farther. The yard next door had held a special charm for him ever since the moment when he watched the arrival of a bright red swing, later installed under an old cherry tree.

"I sh'd think those folks woodn't have a swing, 'nless they wanted to swing in it,"

he complained. "I sh'd think they'd like a nice li'l boy like me to use it for 'em."

One morning Don was playing fire. It was an absorbing game, one requiring versatility, for he was obliged to represent simultaneously the roaring flames, the fireman sliding down the greased pole, and finally, oh, crowning triumph! the wagon whirling along with clanging bell. But he was not too absorbed to observe, at the most thrilling point in the game, a yellow head just above the low stone wall, and a pair of blue eyes gazing over at him, as though a very small person were crouching close to the ground. He made two more magnificent tours of the yard, tooting and puffing, before he stopped quite casually near the wall and regarded the head with fine astonishment. Under his scrutiny the blue eyes drooped a second.

"Hello," he finally vouchsafed.

The eyes blinked.

"Hello," responded a small voice.

There was such meekness in the voice and such adoration in the eyes that Don felt prompted to a generous interest.

"Who are you?" he inquired politely.

"I'm Anne."

"Anne what? Don't you have two names?"

"Anne Harrison. Who are you?"

"I'm Donald Halliday Norton and I live in that house. Say, does that red swing belong to you?"

The eyes turned to regard the object in question critically before the voice answered:

"Yes."

"Why don't you ever swing in it?"

" 'Cause."

"Can I swing in it some time?"

"Yes."

A brief pause. Then Don,

"Say, did you see me playing fire?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed the little voice rapturously.

"Do you want me to play it again?"

A violent nodding of the yellow head was the only answer, but Don waited for no further encouragement. He felt that he was outdoing himself as he tore around the yard, and that such a display of prowess must be irresistible. Midway in his career, however, a sudden thought struck him. He stopped short.

"If you come over here," he remarked, "you could see better."

Timidly the yellow head rose until the two blue eyes were near a level with his own.

"How?" asked Anne.

"Just climb. Here—like this."

When Anne had scrambled over, Don regarded her critically, and at length indicated his approval by offering her the highest honor he had to bestow.

"Say," he remarked, "if you'd like to be the fire bell I'll show you how."

Ten minutes later Edith, glancing from her window, beheld the astonishing spectacle of Don careering wildly around the house with little Anne tooting valiantly in his wake.

"Now if I were only six instead of twenty-six!" she remarked to the world at large.

As April changed to May and the Nortons became a fixture in Maplewood, Edith met most of her neighbors and gradually fell into a round of perfunctory social duties that seemed to her necessary as a stepping-stone to more agreeable ones. But as chance would have it she never encountered Mrs. Harrison.

There came one of those days when everyone, drawn by the charm of the weather, goes calling on everyone else, and no one is at home.

"Just the sort of day I want to call on the Lacys and Mrs. Kirkham Z. Smith," thought Edith, pinning on her hat before the mirror. And according to a newly acquired custom of hers she thought aloud. Don looked up from an interested observation of a ladybug on the window-screen to inquire,

"How do you go calling on the Lacys, Mother?"

Edith, still absorbed in the angle of her hat, answered with an absent-minded laugh,

"The way I call on the Lacys is to ring their bell, slip my card under the door and—run!"

"I'd like to do that!" exclaimed Don. "Do they run after you?"

"No, I don't think so," laughed Edith. "They aren't at home, you see."

"Oh say, Mother, what's your card?"

"This is it." Edith was taking a little pile of them from a box in her desk. "It has my name on it, so they'll know who came. Some time I'll take you with me."

"I'd like it—'specially the running. Only I wish they were home so they c'd run after us."

"Well, some other time, son. Now I'm going to lock the front door, but Lena's in the kitchen and you can get out that way. Don't play too hard."

"Um."

"And promise Mother you'll not go out of this block."

"Um."

"What?"

"A'right. Say, can I have some bread and jam?"

"Yes. Tell Lena I said you could have a piece—one piece. Good-bye, dear."

"G'bye."

After his mother had gone Don sat meditatively on the back porch eating bread and jam. Presently Anne's head appeared over the wall. She stood regarding him wistfully. He returned her gaze calmly while he swallowed the last three bites of bread and jam. Then he scrambled down the steps and ran out to her.

"Say, I know a new game!"

Anne, accepting his remark as an invitation, scrambled over the wall, and, meeting half way, they sat down on the grass for discussion.

"It's calling," explained Don.

"Oh!" cried Anne, "I know that. Mother does it. That's where she is this afternoon. And I've been, too. But it wasn't a game. You sat in the parlor and talked."

"Well, this is a game. You don't sit, you run." And Don unfolded the principles of the sport as expounded by his mother.

Anne listened enraptured.

"My mother has cards, too. I've seen 'em," she volunteered. "Oh, Don, let's go calling!"

Don could brook no suggestions.

"I was going to say we would," he announced with dignity. "You go get your mother's cards and I'll get mine. Then we'll call. Only remember—you have to run after me."

At six o'clock Edith, calm in the consciousness of duties done, rang her own door-bell and was let in by Lena.

"You had a caller, ma'am," remarked Lena. "When she rang I was ironin' in th' basement and it took me s'long to get up to th' door that she'd got away."

"Didn't she leave a card?" asked Edith.

"Yes'm. Here it is."

Edith glanced at the little square of pasteboard idly. Suddenly the engraved words seemed to leap at her. She read them again. No, there was no mistake. They said unmistakably Mrs. Harvey Burch Harrison.

Ned, coming up the porch steps, heard her little cry.

"Why, Edith! What is it?" he questioned.

"Ned, she has called! And I wasn't here! See, here's her card. Isn't it wonful? Oh, I want to rush over there this minute!"

Ned's big embrace was entirely sympathetic, yet Edith twisted away after a moment in order to exclaim with more freedom.

"Who would think," remarked Ned, "that a square of cardboard with four words on it could make a woman's eyes shine like that?"

Just before dinner Edith started into the yard in search of Don. Just beyond the low stone wall she beheld Mrs. Harvey Burch Harrison gazing about in a manner that clearly betokened a similar quest. Gazing thus their eyes met and Edith started impulsively forward, smiling even as her neighbor did.

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison," she called, halfway to the wall. "I was so very sorry to miss your call to-day!"

They were close together now, and Edith saw the smile on Mrs. Harrison's pretty face fade into blank surprise, and heard her confused answer:

"Why, I—you must be mistaken. I was just going to tell you how much I regretted being away when you called."

It was Edith's turn to stare now.

"I—but I didn't call!" she exclaimed.

"But I found your card under my door."

"And yours was under mine!"

Then they laughed, sudden, unrestrained laughter. And before they could speak again Don and little Anne came running across the lawn.

"Oh, Mother!" Don was crying, "we've had the most fun! We've been calling!"

"Yes," echoed Anne, "with cards!"

KATHERINE K. DAVIS, 1914.

THE IDEALIST.

PERHAPS it was the twilight that blurred the letter on his desk, but to Franklin the words stood out clear and definite,—so vivid that he felt he might have read them by running his finger across the page, as the blind read.

"Why the devil don't you write? Why, I repeat, don't you pick up all this dainty afternoon tea drivel and hurl it through one of your big studio windows? Paint a ripping picture, and then write—anything big and worth while, like yourself—or, rather, like the man you were in Paris. Why, the devil, will you continue to vegetate? The Kimberley prize has just been announced. I hope you'll win it. You ought to, and you can. In closing, I'll add that we will buy the book, pay you better for your time than a ten-cent magazine would, and all that, over and above the prize money. There is a string to the kite—from the time you get the check, you will have to cut out all this trash and write like a red-blooded man.

Yours,

E. F. Kimberley.

P. S. Why did you ever marry?"

The twinkling rows of lights that traced the endless phalanxes of buildings roused him. He switched on the brilliant glare of electricity. For a moment his eyes rested on a row of small snap-shots, hung in a simple wooden frame above his desk. They were all very unconventional—pictures of a very beautiful woman, each a little lovelier than the other. His face lighted at the pictured loveliness. Then he dropped back into his desk chair, and, pulling open the lowest drawer drew out a plainly bound book whose title had been a watchword from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beneath the title his own name was printed in wide, bold type. Carefully, almost tenderly, he blew dust from the cover and opening took from it several newspaper clippings. Some of these were a trifle yellow, but one was still crisp and new. It was over one of the older that he paused, tapping his desk meditatively, while he reread the review of the book before him.

"What Scott and Thackeray meant to an earlier generation, David Franklin gives promise of meaning to ours. There has been no keener nor more sympathetic and withal truthful character artist since Dickens laid down his pen. As in his work as a painter, he has successfully grasped the salient details and built about them a noble and artistic structure."

There was much more in the same strain, but he turned to the new clipping and read that the promise of his early work had never been fulfilled; that he had been content to be a kind of matinee idol in literature; that he whom the gods had marked for lofty success had thrown away great talents to make sordid money.

"Money," he repeated, smiling, without a trace of bitterness, "is a very nice thing to live with," and his smile was as if to reassure the snap-shots.

With a quick movement he closed the book and walked down to the other end of the studio. There he dragged forward a big, bare canvas, set it where the light was softer, then tilted a great pier glass to reflect the canvas. Franklin was still working over his brushes, palette and tubes of paint, when the door opened.

"Well, my dear, what's the news?" he asked, crossing the studio to meet his wife.

She was a very beautiful woman with perfect features and bright coppery gold hair. Her eyes were a blue that should have deepened with sympathy at times, and sparkled at others. Instead, they were only blue.

"No news at all," she replied, and, passing down the room wonderingly, added, "What are you doing over there?"

"Getting ready to paint my last picture," he answered.

"Oh, I—I thought you had—painted the last—"

"So did I," he agreed placidly, "but I changed my mind."

"When?" she asked carelessly, dropping into his desk chair and playing with the papers. A sudden shadow of dismay crossed her face, as she read idly the last line of Kimberley's letter.

"Yes, I know what you're thinking," he said, speaking quickly and eagerly, "and it's because of that letter I'm going to paint this picture. And, Anne, it won't interfere with any particular function, because while I paint it, we aren't going to have any. I want to paint you, Anne. Do you care?"

"Care? Why, I'll pose, if you want me to. I didn't know you cared so much to paint. If I had, I—I wouldn't have urged you to give it up."

"I know you didn't, and I didn't realize how excited and foolish I must have been for you to notice it when you came in. I promise to be very good, and never to paint another, nor write 'any of those tiresome things that nobody reads, and which I can't drop to run off to some dinner or other at any minute.' "

"Don't you think we have had a much better time since you haven't done those things? Don't you like the flesh-pots as well as I,—that these nice books everybody likes has made possible? You are never sorry—are you?" She was anxious and troubled a moment.

"No," he answered deliberately, "I am never sorry. And if you saw the last line of Ed's letter,—why it didn't mean anything at all."

"He is the man, isn't he? Who said you owed something to the age you live in and the whole world?"

"Yes, he's that kind of a man. He's British, but his conscience is of the New England variety. He is essentially a socialist with nothing of the individual about him."

"I haven't the faintest idea what either of those are, but if you're an individualist besides being an individual, why that's what I think too."

"You're prejudiced," he teased, but she returned to the question.

"He means, quite evidently, that neither marriage nor myself have been good for your work—the other kind, I mean. Dave, we have been happy, haven't we? Are you sure you're never sorry you didn't do things like those Mr. Kimberley said you should? You know I'm not an inspiration for that kind of work. Would you rather have lived in a garret and written "Vanity Fair" than to own two machines—"

"And have you, Anne?" He came over and sat on the edge of the desk, taking her hand in his. "Do you remember when I had pneumonia, and you sat up with me one night,—you whispered when you thought I was sleeping that you really were awfully afraid to die, and you hated to be sick, but you really wished it were you who were suffering?" Her hand grew cold at the memory, and her breath came queerly for a moment. "Fame and glory are very mean things beside that to a man who never before had anyone to even live for. If the choice was really in my hands, I'm glad I made the one I did. I would rather remember that we lived happily than to have a Washington Monument on my chest when I die."

Anne laughed a little tremulously, drew a long breath and asked:

"What gown shall I wear for the portrait, Dave?"

It was many weeks later, that Kimberley stood before the canvas Franklin had shipped him less than a week before. In the exhibition where he had entered it, it was attracting great attention. It bore the wholly irrelevant title: The Answer. But no one ever knew or cared what the title was, nor did the faultless technique interest even the sternest critics, for the great sympathy and understanding which had wielded the brush precluded all petty questions and demanded attention for the subject alone.

It was, in the first place, a magnificent portrait of Anne, all in white, in a gown that had been her delight for the past three months. The dull ivory of the exquisite lace only emphasized the lustrous whiteness of her skin and the vividness of her wonderful coppery hair. In her face was all the charm of beautiful features and the attraction of an affectionate nature. Yet the eyes were Anne's, too, shallow, unresponsive, even in their loveliness. Opposite the figure of the woman was a great mirror, set in a wide, simple frame of mahogany, and reflected in it a portrait of Anne, charming and attractive, the dress simple, the hands strong and capable, the face bewilderingly beautiful. In her eyes shone a wisdom and sympathy that glorified the woman into something inexpressibly lovely and holy. Standing far back in the shadows, almost melting into the background was Franklin himself. Though his features were not emphasized, yet the expression of his eyes was the charm of the canvas. They were looking not at the glorified and mirrored ideal, but at the real woman. In them one read the love and adoration of a big and generous nature whose homage was given, not in spite of the faults and flaws of the woman toward whom they looked, but rather

because the man knew them, understood them, and loved them in her.

Kimberley, watching the awed faces, heard women whisper that that was how they wanted to be loved. An overpowering rage swept through him against this woman who had curbed and dwarfed the genius of David Franklin.

At the same moment, Anne, perched on the arm of her husband's chair, held in her hand the check with which a British peer had purchased the masterpiece.

"Dave, you certainly handed down that frock of mine in great style for posterity to envy, and think how many more I can have now just as wonderful."

Franklin put his arm around her, but there was an instant when he yearned with a longing unspeakable to hear her speak adequately of the great portrait and hear her say how wonderful it was that he could paint ideals and humanize them. For a moment he longed to hear her say how much more worthy than she was the mirrored ideal; then with the generosity of a truly great heart he tightened the arm about her. Ideal or no ideal he would not have her one whit different.

BARBARA HAHN, 1913.

THE WIND IN A GARDEN IT LOVES.

Tied by a thousand silken strands
When I fain would fly—would fly,
Seeking for other freer lands,
Floating or poised on high!

Bathing myself in the sun's bright light,
The clouds left far below;
Winging mid stars and moon at night
A stately measure slow;

Seeking for brooks that sing as they go,
And forests untouched by man,
High mountain peaks aglint with snow,
Unseen since time began.

Borne toward heaven with the song of a bird,
First to behold the sun arise,—
Save for myself the song unheard,
Unseen the flush of the skies.

Tied by a thousand silken strands,
When I fain would fly—would fly,
Seeking for other freer lands,
Winging my course on high!

RUTH COLEMAN, 1915.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PHILOSOPHY CLUB LECTURE.

On Monday evening, November 25, Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr delivered a lecture before the Philosophy Club on the subject of "The Origins of Religion."

Professor Leuba first pointed out that at the root of religion, as in every other aspect of human life, lie human impulses, desires, needs and ideas, whether spiritual or physical. These ends we seek to gain by every means in our power, the possible types of behavior being three. The first type is the mechanical: the stoker feeding the ship's fires to produce compelling energy; the second the magic or coercitive: the same stoker walking around the table backwards to bring about a variation in his consistent bad luck; the third, the anthropopathic, including religion: the same individual praying for deliverance in time of storm. In the mechanical behavior the relation between action and desired outcome is direct. In magic no such quantitive relation exists. In the anthropopathic behavior, appeal is made to mighty beings, (or to a single mighty being), supposed to resemble man at least in the capacity for feeling as man feels.

Belief in the unseen superhuman being has several origins. In the first place it arises from the personification of natural events. Here, however, there is a mixture of real belief and fancy, often hard to distinguish. In the second place, the savage seeks an explanation of certain special phenomena: dreams and visions, swoons and temporary loss of consciousness. The readiest method is to suppose that man has a double, apart from his visible self, and that when he swoons, the double separates itself from his body for a moment, or when he dreams he is conversing with someone else's double. In the third place, the savage has a natural curiosity about the origin of things in the world. He wonders first about one thing, then about another, until the whole realm of nature becomes included in his question. In the first two instances, an ancestor cult might suffice, but for the third, the creator must be superhuman. Curiosity about the maker of things leads most directly to belief in gods. Sometimes an ancestor ghost may assume the qualities of a god, sometimes the three different conceptions exist side by side.

In our modern and civilized world we no longer need artificial explanations of natural phenomena or dreams, but the conception of God as creator and as origin of ethical consciousness still remain, and we still require a being to gratify our affective needs, and the desire for immortality.

We are accustomed to think of the savage's gods as false gods, and yet they satisfy his needs. First they satisfy his physical requests. It is difficult for the savage to realize that rain is not sent specifically in answer to his prayer. Secondly, his desire to bring harm to his enemy, or to avert disease from himself is often accomplished by suggestion, with or without hypnosis, and he gives his gods the credit. Certain unsought results are also accomplished by the worship of his false gods. The priest gains power and influence by his intimacy with superhuman powers, and a mental stimulus is provided even by the conception of ghosts. It is largely these unsought results that keep religion alive, and that give it a real value in primitive life. To be sure, the savage seeks largely for material well-being in his religious behavior. Nothing in this world, not even a horse-show, subserves a single purpose. The ancient Hebrew worship was typically social; in the type of ancient religion generally, sacrifice involves feasting. In our worship to-day, æsthetic satisfaction plays a large part. Religion is the unavoidable

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outcome of human nature, and its influence is tremendous, even if the gods be false.

At the close of the lecture, Professor Leuba consented to answer questions, and in doing so, brought forward additional points. The origin of morality is different from that of religion, but the two systems will probably never again become separate. The gods are endowed with all things we desire and do not possess, and moral strength is to-day included among the qualities of God.

Religion was defined as: any regulated admiration. Science is distinct from religion. The philosophical conception of impersonal absolutism is not religious in the historical sense of the word. Religion, as defined, need not center about a personal being, but historically speaking, it always has so centered. Professor Leuba showed that, in the strict sense, even Buddhism has a personal being at the basis.

SOPHOMORE PROMENADE.

Picture a gay scene, right out of fairyland, in a bower of yellow roses and vines, and you have before you an idea of the barn on Saturday, November the 23rd. The walls, completely hung with yellow bunting were outlined with trailing rose vines, and the ceiling was covered with interwoven green vines, through which peeped hundreds of bright flowers, with here and there large roses of a deeper yellow shading the electric lights. The upper half of each pillar forming the center aisle was wound with roses on a green background. An archway of flowers led to the platform, which had been most effectively decorated in the prevailing scheme.

Acting as ushers in the afternoon were Jessie Edwards, Mary Scarlett, Bernice Barnett, Katherine Fowler and Hazel Sharrard, and in the evening Jessie Edwards, Avonell Crockett, Mary Killiam, Caroline Miller and Gladys Hartwell. The guests of honor, Miss Davis and Miss Nichols in the afternoon, and Miss Tufts and Miss Johnston in the evening, received with Rachel Davis, Ruth Hoyt and Marguerite Ryder.

Much praise is due the committee, under Marguerite Ryder as chairman, whose efforts did a great deal to make the "prom" a success. The members of the committee were: Virginia Harmon, Jessie Edwards, Margaret Lang, Helen Lange and Arlene Westwood.

FREE PRESS.

I.

In one of the campus dormitories a German breakfast table has recently been instituted. When the plan was first proposed many of the girls were inclined to be sceptical about its success. However, it appears that their doubts were quite unwarranted. Conversation does not drag at the German table. Indeed, it seems to be more lively there than at almost any other table. The girls interested in French have followed suit and arranged a French table, so that a very cosmopolitan atmosphere pervades the breakfast room. Those interested in such a scheme might well try it as an experiment.

II.

Why not have a Thanksgiving Free Press, to balance up all the kindly suggestions which we usually bestow upon the Administration through these columns? Here are a few things we might mention in connection with a "Thank You."

1. The new walk to Mary Hemenway Hall.
2. The new walk along the Art Building Hill.
3. The drinking-fountain on the tennis court.

AMERICAN SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY MEETING.

The American Sociological Society will hold its next annual meeting in Boston and Cambridge during the Christmas holidays, 1912, December 27-31, 1912. See Economics Bulletin Board for the tentative program of these meetings.

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EDITORIAL.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Our college to-day is very different from the Wellesley of the early eighties and nineties. If this proposition needed demonstration, we might find plenty of illustrations ready to our hand. For instance, Alumnæ evidence tells us that, in the old days, the Faculty saw to it that people attended chapel with a certain regularity, and kept moderately quiet during quiet hours; that our predecessors, being forbidden to introduce extra furniture into their rooms, were forced to accommodate their amount of wearing apparel to the capacity of College Hall wardrobes. From these, and additional facts, many would argue that Wellesley's Golden Age lies behind us. Fortunately, others believe quite as firmly, that with all our complications and our confusion of interests, we have yet taken a step or two in advance.

It is for the problem of "strenuousness," our most glaring—and our tritest—blemish, that this column proposes to suggest a brand new solution.

The armies of the Outside World have laid siege to our citadel, and are already swarming over the outermost ramparts, while we, instead of beating them back, open our arms to receive them. We are naturally, and desirably, less conventual than we used to be in the days when the higher education for women was less prevalent. We have now swung somewhat too far back the other way and hold ourselves too little aloof. These four years at college ought to be a long breath before we take our plunge into the Outside World as grown people and social agents,—a summoning up of all our thought and energy while we are still sheltered from the problems of active life. If we hold ourselves a little apart from the onrushing stream we have clearer eyes to discern its broader needs, and clearer minds for planning what we can do to help satisfy these needs. Beating back the Outside World, then, does not mean to lose sympathy with its great interests, but only to eschew its mannerisms: to give up trying to be up-to-date in the little things that take so much time, and that do more than anything else toward making college life a hurried succession rather than a leisurely unity.

To reform in this respect would not mean to shut ourselves up within the four walls of our College, nor within the four edges of the Wellesley Campus. It would not abolish long walks nor would it entirely do away with Boston-going. In general, it would mean staying at home, and giving up, except as an exception, the long week end visits which prolong themselves at both ends by cutting.

(Continued on page 33)

Capital, $50,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits (earned) $50,000

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COLLEGE NOTE.

Miss Lillian D. Wald, who is to speak at College Vespers on Sunday, December 8, is one of the most notable women of America. At the head of the Nurses' Settlement, the largest and one of the most influential settlements of the country, she has not only organized the district nursing in New York City, but has also been instrumental in placing nurses in the schools—now a municipal enterprise—and in the various milk stations throughout the city. The houses forming the "plant" of the Nurses' Settlement are not less than fifteen, placed in different poor quarters of New York, or in the country where they are used for convalescence or recreation.

Many progressive social ideas have come forth from Miss Wald's fertile brain. One of the strongest interests is the crusade against child labor, and thanks to her initiative we have now a Federal Children's Bureau and may hope that human interests may be studied as scientifically as plants and animals have been.

Miss Wald is said to be a great general at the City Hall or at Albany when any social legislation is pending and no one is more able to present the subject under discussion in a convincing way. Not only is she a forceful and able manager of great causes, but she is also a woman of rare charm and sweetness, with a heart so big that she takes in the whole world of suffering humanity and the individual is never lost in the mass.

It is pleasant to note that academic honors have honored themselves in selecting Miss Wald as one of those to receive an LL. D. at the recent Mount Holyoke anniversary, when President Pendleton and Miss Katharine Davis of the Bedford Reformatory Prison for Women were also given the same degree.

No one should fail to hear Miss Wald tell the story of her work among the poor of New York.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS DOLL SHOW.

The annual College Settlements Doll Show will be held in the Barn on Saturday evening, December 7, from 7.30 to 9.30. Girls who are dressing the dolls are requested to leave them at room 208, College Hall, by Friday noon, December 6. The show this year will be larger than ever before. The dolls, more numerous than usual, will be especially arranged. The General Aid, Consumers' League and Student Building Committees are to have tables. Every one is urged to solicit candy for the candy table.

There will be an attractive display of the Italian women's work from Denison House, laces, silver and leather work and unusual embroideries with old and unique Italian stitches. This work of high artistic value is at unusually low prices. And while you are doing your Christmas shopping and looking at the exhibition of dolls, there will be good music for dancing, and plenty of ice-cream cones.

The proceeds from the admission, (ten cents), ice-cream cones and candy, goes along with the dolls for the Christmas party at Denison House. So everybody come; have a party yourself, and at the same time help give the party at Denison House.

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EDITORIAL—Continued.

Most pernicious of all, is a certain habit which we must have gotten from the Outside World (just where, would be hard to say): the habit of discrediting hard work and concentrated endeavor. The less ambitious of us profess the desire of "just getting through;" even the intellectual often try to earn their A's with the minimum of labor, that is, with the minimum of permanent advantage to themselves. Among intellectual and unambitious alike, there are doubtless many who have never had an inkling of the solid fun that studying can be, and who have hence never known real play. Who can thoroughly enjoy playing, when the necessary minimum of work impends like a dark thunder cloud? When we do one thing after another, each as it suggests itself in turn, without exercising any will toward the sequence, we have identified ourselves with that portion of the Outside World which devotes itself to mannerisms,—which eats, sleeps, and dresses for the next item on its engagement calendar without ulterior self-consciousness.

To repulse the Outside World would mean to become collegiate, in the big, wonderful sense of the word: to work, play, and think in the way that we can only work, play, and think, in these four years out of our whole lives; to make outside matters incidental, to center our interests frivolous and serious in our college, to devote to it an undissipated enthusiasm.

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Will the person who borrowed "The Admirable Tinker" from me last spring, please return it immediately. Berenice van Slyke, 24 Noanett.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Saturday, December 7, the Barn, 7 P.M., General Aid Fair and College Settlements Doll Show.

Sunday, December 8, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M.. Preacher, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of San Francisco, California.

7.00 P.M., Address on College Settlements by Miss Lillian D. Wald.

Monday, December 9, College Hall Chapel, lecture on "Food Supply, its Sources, Cost, Distribution, and Conservation," by Mr. Alton E. Briggs, Secretary of Produce Exchange, Boston.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE MEETING.

The Alliance Francaise held its second meeting on Monday, November 11, at the Shakespeare House. The "Soiree Musicale" had attracted a large gathering, including members of the Faculty. A "concours" was held during which refreshments were served to sustain the "concurrentes." French songs, ancient and modern, were next sung by members of the Alliance and their guests; all meeting with great applause. The programme had been selected by Mademoiselle Forest, who, it will be remembered, had provided in the early spring a delightful evening for the Alliance, with her illustrated talk on "La Louise de Charpentier."

CHANGE IN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION SPEAKERS.

An exchange has been made between two of the subjects of Wednesday evening meetings as published. The next lecture by Dr. Raymond Calkins in the series on Vital Problems of the Religious Life will be given Wednesday, December 4, instead of 11, while the meeting on the subject, "Christian Principles Applied to Shopping," led by Miss Calkins, is transferred to December 11.

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THE RAINBOW.

Mr. Henry Miller entered upon his engagement at the Tremont Theater on October 4th in his latest and greatest success, "The Rainbow," and it became evident at the outset that the original time allotted to him would not be sufficient to satisfy the keen interest manifested in this play by the public. Accordingly arrangements were made for extending Mr. Miller's stay and the wisdom of this is manifest, for the Tremont is attracting large audiences at each performance. The appeal made in "The Rainbow" is confined to no particular class of play-goers; it charms everyone by its tender sentiment and grips the attention by its clear dramatic force. The author has taken up a theme that has been toyed with by many other playwrights with more or less success and on this basis he has constructed a story which possesses an irresistible appeal for sane, normal-minded theatergoers.

It is Mr. Miller's nice discrimination and delicate artistic handling that makes the performance charming, the scenes being played with such naturalness and finesse that one scarcely realizes that it all takes place behind the footlights. He is fortunate in having the services of such a dainty little miss as Ruth Chatterton. It would be difficult to conceive a better portrayal of the daughter than she presents. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees are given during this engagement.

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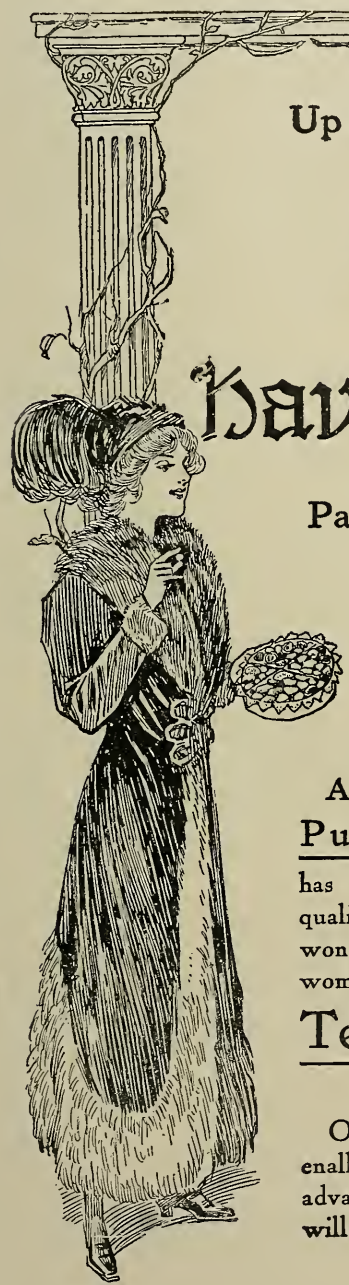

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